

## A QUEST.

Long since, there lived a man reputed wise (Some better things were said of him, some worse). Who made his life a tireless quest to know The way and Wherefore of the universe.

He wandered through solutions intricate, And old and new philosophers he read; This one converted, but another spake, And made his faith apostasy instead.

His life was full of vain analysis, And subtle disputations held in thrall His soul, that wildly dreamed to overleap The mystery Life offers to us all. But when Age left him twisted, gray and worn, He felt the barren purpose of his quest. And longed to quite forget his mocking doubts.

And live his last, few, trembling days at rest.

But Death had watched him with a cynic's eye— And marked his shuffling feet, his sight grew dim. And one still evening stole before his chair, And smiled, half kindly, as he beckoned him.

One passing through a certain field of graves May find a stone of rather ancient date, Which bears these words, the last philosophy. Of him whose life they thus commemorate:

"Here sleeps a man who sought to question God. Who conjured with the everlasting Why; Devised deeply into science, creeds and schools, And learned this truth—that Man is born to die."

—W. L. in N. Y. Sun.

## The Colonel's Story of Flad

By JOHN H. RAFTERY

SITTING by the camp fire one evening the talk had turned upon the striking performances of some of the tenderfoot desperadoes who had outshot and outwitted some of the old timers. Capt. Crews mentioned Gerald Flad and his brief but brilliant career as a ranger, and then everybody had something to say about the dashing Canadian-Irishman who flashed like a meteor across the border firmament some ten years ago. Col. Hutchinson, who was the dean of the party and had seen bloody service in two wars, threw a lot of unexpected light upon the personality of the vanished bravo, and as a finale to the evening's talk told this story:

His father was one of that fast fading race of Irish gentlemen who chose arms as a profession and found neither sorrow nor disappointment in the scattered and cruel rewards of his adventures. Roger Flad, the father was in every spring that got promotion of hard knocks. When he couldn't find work for his sword in the cause of his own suffering island he bought a commission in the British army, and afterward wandered 'round the world like a knight errant of old, seeking chances for chivalrous advancement. I think he married a Castilian girl, but at all events Gerald was his only child, and he reared him as a gentle-blooded son of a roving soldier of fortune. You know the boy spoke French, Italian, Spanish and German as well as he spoke English, and he was a devil with broadsword, cutlass or rapier before he was of age. He had been expelled from Heidelberg before he was 18, and when he first showed up at the headquarters of Coppinger's California expedition he had more scars across his boyish countenance than half of us veterans.

I think the old man—he was only a lieutenant when the Brule Sioux got him—was half sorry at the training of his son, for the youngster's early life was a fierce exaggeration of all the father's passions for war and adventure of all kinds. Well, everybody liked him—I've heard Phil Sheridan swear that the lad was the best wild turkey shot that ever came into the Indian country—but he couldn't get things hot enough for him. He scouted for two months in the Sierras on that California expedition, disappeared, and the next we heard of him was distinguishing himself in the Matabele wars as a bushwhacker and guerrilla. I was down in Old Mexico when Ochoa was "starting things"—never mind what I was there for—and who should I see one day, drilling a troop of the most rascally outlaws that ever crossed the Rio Grande, but Gerald himself, as brown as an Arab and as fanatical as the rowdiest ruffian that ever wore epaulettes. I didn't get in right with these revolutionists, but I was in the El Paso—when I met Gerald, thin and yellow as parchment, sauntering along in the Plaza. I halted him, and found out all about the failure of his ambitious plans. He was to have been a governor or some such thing if the rebellion had succeeded. He had been hit at the Arroyo fight, crawled 17 miles to the river and was now recuperating at Hotel Dieu, a skeleton of himself, but as full of devilment as ever. He said very frankly that he was in a terrible frame of mind about a young woman of Chihuahua—a high class and as fanatical as Cordova—whom he meant to marry, even though he had to carry her off. Singular, isn't it, how the father's predilections appeared in the boy?

"The trouble is," said Gerald, sitting on a stone bench in the shade, "the girl is in love with a bullfighting rascal from Madrid who has been down through the republic, strutting and crowing till the women are all wild about him. The worst of it is he's coming up here, and I suppose the whole of Mexico will send its best people to cheer and lionize him. I don't know whether to kill him or turn traitor."

### Strawberries Till Fall.

It is said that a feature of 1902 will be the strawberry which ripens in September. Gardeners have been struggling for years to produce a strawberry which, planted in March, should bear in the open—which alone secures perfect flavor and success in September. They have now succeeded, and at least two sorts, the St. Joseph and the St. Antony of Padua, fulfilled last year all the requisite conditions. They are being planted this season by hundreds where single plants were ventured on last year.—Golden Penny.

Out of 13,000 species of fish only 2,275 belong to fresh water.

eador myself and challenge him. He'll be here next month, and I've got to get well, colonel. I've got to lower his colors somehow."

Well, I met Gerald every day after that and he mended so rapidly that in a week he began to ride with Cafferty's men and was thinking of joining the rangers again. The girl lived on the American side, and though I got but a few glimpses of her, I must say she was a beauty. I never saw a man so cut up over a woman. At that time I think he'd have fought a whole lot ready for the desperate thing he really did. I had a cottage over in the new section, or rather a shack, for there were only two rooms, and I was frying my bacon one night about 11 when Gerald came in at the open door with a very dirty and disreputable-looking Spaniard.

"Colonel," he laughed, "this is Ramon Jesus Felipe del Agar, the famous bull-fighter. He's pretty drunk, but he wants a drink."

Then he put the hero on my army cot and gave him a bottle of mescal, which the victim gulped like a famished hound.

"I've got to keep him here till the fighting is over," whispered Flad, "and if you're my friend, colonel, you'll help me."

I asked him what he meant to do with Del Agar, but the rascal said: "Show him a good time. That's all." I made sure that no violence was intended, and as the Spaniard was lapsing into a state of unconscious quiescence I asked Gerald to mess and promise to take care of his guest. To show you what a cunning strategist he was, he never told me a word about his ultimate scheme, but I suspected that by preventing Del Agar from appearing in the bull ring in the morning he hoped to make good his suit with the senorita. He stayed all night with me, but at sunrise when I rose he was gone, and the sleeping stranger, surrounded by half-empty bottles, was deep in dreamland. At ten o'clock that morning I went across the river after looking up my shack, and as soon as I got into my tier I saw Cafferty and some of his men, waiting for the second onset. The first bull had been killed by one of the lesser swordsmen and the whole amphitheater was alive—with gossip about the disappearance of Ramon del Agar.

"What do you think, Hutchinson?" growled Cafferty, coming over to me. "The Spanish champion has vanished, and that fool Flad is to take his place. See that girl over there—that one with the black mantilla and the red flowers—that's the cause of it all. Flad's so mashed on her that he'd stand up against a whole herd of Andalusians for a smile of hers."

Then the trumpet sounded and the procession of matadores, picadors and bandilleros marched in. He saw Gerald at once. He was arrayed in the tight-fitting bolero, breeches, hose and slippers of the Spaniards, but he wore neither queue nor headpiece, and his yellow curls looked singularly out of place among his swarthy comrades. When the fighters advanced to salute the governor, Flad did a very queer thing. He stepped up to the barrier in front of the smiling senorita and, ignoring the evident disapproval of the crowd, trailed his sword as he bowed low before her. A moment later the bull, a particularly ferocious young monster, came bounding into the arena. Flad had retired, as is the custom, to give place for the halting by the matadores and picadores, but the crowd was oddly impatient for the "Gringo" star to have his chance, and before the play was half completed and while the bull was at the very climax of his fighting rage the bugle sounded for the swordsmen.

I think the governor yielded to the popular impatience in the hope of satisfying his own grudge against the American who had ignored him, but at any rate, the first note had hardly sounded when Flad, bareheaded and laughing like a boy, bounded through the gates, his scarlet mantle on his left arm and his Italian rapier flashing in his right. Again he ignored the dignitaries and smiled at the woman. Then he faced the astonished bull and flouted the crimson ten yards from his blazing eyes.

"Bravo, Torro!" screamed the mob, which already hated the intruder. "Bravo, mio Gerald!" piped a girl's voice, and then there was the quick, stifled gasp of fascinated interest as the beast lowered his crest and charged the enemy. If the judges and spectators expected an equal or prolonged fight between the American and the bull they were disappointed. Instead of missing or half-thrusting, as the best bull-fighters often do, Flad buried his weapon to the hilt, true between the shoulders of the bull, as swift and certain as if it had been pricking a sawdust target. As the brute sank quivering to its knees, Flad stood a second before it, as it ached. Then he plucked out his sword, flung it on the ground and walked out at the gate as sullen and as bowed as if he had been beaten in a fair fight. He saluted nobody, heeded not the cheers of the multitude, nor stopped till he was alone in his dressing room.

When Flad reached my house that night Del Agar was gone.

"I'm going to New York to-night," colonel," said Gerald, sitting dispirited on my trunk.

"Take the girl with you?" I hesitated.

"Not a bit of it. I think I can win a better woman in a better way. I may get hard put for a trade, I may start a butchershop, but I'm too young for that just yet."

And I haven't heard a word of him since that night.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### An Easy Cure.

A warning to those who have the failing of asking questions with the result of getting "sold" is found in a current "catch" story which runs about this way:

"Extraordinary case, that of Al Ben nett's cure."

"What was the matter with him?"

"Walked in his sleep."

"How was he cured?"

"They gave him car fare, of course."

—N. Y. Times.

Hares, horses and giraffes are better able to see objects behind them without turning their heads than any other quadrupeds.

## FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.



This goes to show that Uncle Sam's heart is in the right place.

## HEAT TWO MILES DOWN.

Interesting Scientific Facts Regarding the Earth's Interior Recently Made Known.

In his latest work, "The Earth's Beginning," Sir Robert Ball, the distinguished British astronomer, gives details of a remarkable experiment which was made a few years ago at Schleibach, about 15 miles from Leipzig, Germany. The experiment, says a London paper, was undertaken in making a search for coal and borings were made to a greater depth than ever had been reached before. From the surface of the ground, where the hole was about six inches in diameter, to the lowest point, where it was about the size of one's little finger, was one mile and 117 yards. Capt. Huysen, who bored this wonderful hole, is not only a highly successful mining engineer. He has done much valuable scientific work and he rightly deemed that this unprecedented boring presented exceptional opportunities for study of the earth's internal temperature. Sir Robert Ball says:

"The study of the internal heat of the earth may be said to begin below the level of 100 feet, and the results that were obtained in the great boring are extremely accurate. The deeper the hole the hotter the rocks, and Capt. Huysen found that for each 66 feet in descent the temperature increased one degree Fahrenheit. It was part of Capt. Huysen's scheme to obtain careful readings of his thermometer at intervals of 100 feet from the surface to the bottom of the hole. A study of these readings shows that the increase of 80 degrees in a mile takes place uniformly at the rate of one degree for each 66 feet of depth. As the temperature increases uniformly from the surface down to the lowest point which our thermometers have reached, it would be unreasonable to suppose that the rate of increase would be found to suffer some abrupt change if it were possible to go a little deeper."

"As the temperature rises 80 degrees in the first mile, and as the rate of increase is shown by the observations to be quite as large at the bottom of the hole as it is at the top, we certainly shall not make any very great mistake if we venture to assume that in the second mile the temperature would also increase to an extent which will not be far from 80 degrees. This inference from the observations leads to the remarkable conclusion that at a depth of two miles the temperature of the earth must be, we will not say exactly, but at all events not very far from 160 degrees higher than at the level of constant temperature, about 100 feet down. Thus we draw the important inference that if, the hole having been removed, we were then to remove from the earth's surface a rind two miles thick we should transform the earth into a globe, while it still retained appreciably the same size, would have such a temperature that even the coldest spot were as hot as boiling water."

God is moving us toward an era of Christian, of Christlike, love. But God does not move in a hurry. The old idea that when He

## We Are Moving Toward Christain Love

By DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST, Pastor Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York.

There are evidences in the material universe that the thing that is uppermost in God's regard is AFFECTION, LOVE, FRIENDSHIP, SYMPATHY.

Your associations are with members of your "set." The men and women you invite to your receptions, most of them, belong to your "set." You invite them and they invite you. That is nice and pleasant, and exceedingly natural—BUT IT IS NOT LOVE. A love feast, a love reception, is quite a different style of performance. The programme for such a reception Christ laid down in Luke 14, where we are told to CALL THE POOR, THE LAME, THE BLIND.

Now there is nothing gained by scoring the church, society or the times. Love—I do not know what it is. It goes beyond me. I have not enough of it myself to be able to speak with great confidence. It is safest to say that Christ loved. To feel one's self tenderly drawn out toward a soul, simply because it is a soul, is a great art. And there is not much of it in the world yet.

Nobody knows how many million years the world was in passing from the stage of chemical affinity to that of natural affection, and perhaps it will be equally long in passing to the love that is absolutely Christly, but we know whither the ages are tending, and we know what is in the heart of the Great Father by Whom those ages are being engineered toward their superb but tenderly beautiful destiny.

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

To every four new books issued in this country one new edition of some older book is published.

Montgomery, the famous hymn writer, required but a single afternoon to prepare one of his magnificent paraphrases of the Psalms.

The czar is devoted to literature, treating of occultism, thought-reading, hypnotism and kindred subjects. In Maurice Bloemfield, of the Johns Hopkins university, has sailed for Europe. His trip will be a sort of expedition to gather the last materials for a "Vedic Concordance," on which he has been engaged for many years.

Pittsfield, Mass., which calls itself the "gem city of the Berkshires," has been the home at various times of many literary celebrities, among them being Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Hawthorne and Herman Melville. On East street stands the house in which Longfellow wrote "The Clock on the Stairs."

The accumulation of books and newspapers even in comparatively small libraries is enormous. A library like the British Museum or the Library of Congress must, by its very constitution, seek to be complete, and completeness in a city library involves excessive rent charges for storage. For large libraries, as for small, the pressing question is what not to buy, what not to preserve.

In a recent address to the Sesame club, in London, Gilbert Parker thus summed up the art of fiction: "There is only one test for a novel—that it be first and before all a well-constructed story; that it deal sincerely with human life and character; that it be eloquent of feeling; that it have insight and revelation; that it preserve idiosyncrasy; but, before all, that it be wholesome."

Rev. James D. Corrothers, of Red Bank, N. J., is a rising young poet whose verse resembles that of Paul Lawrence Dunbar. His ancestors were Indian, negro and Anglo-Saxon. He was blacking shoes in this city when discovered by Henry Demarest Lloyd, who helped him to an education. Mr. Corrothers believes the poets should have the right to perform marriage ceremonies, being most truly the high priests of men—and needing the fees.

## THE RESPECTABLE PIG.

Such the Animal May Become When the Conditions Which Govern It Are Changed.

The American hog may yet become a model of neatness and cleanliness. It is simply a matter of giving the animal a chance to live in a decent and sanitary manner, inasmuch as its natural inclination is not toward filth. On the contrary, says the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, the pig in its wild state is decidedly a clean beast.

The government bureau of animal industry is of the opinion that the whole system of keeping pigs could be reformed to advantage. Instead of being confined in pens, they ought to be allowed to range, whenever a sufficient area is available for the purpose, and they should have plenty of fresh, pure water for drinking and bathing. Hogs suffer greatly from heat and when there is no water at hand they resort to wallowing as a means of cooling themselves.

Not long ago Prof. John A. Craig established on the grounds of the Iowa Agricultural college what he called a "summer resort for swine." There was a double row of trees, with a ditch between, and a stream of fresh water from the college main was allowed to flow through the ditch. A number of pigs were turned loose on the premises, and greatly did they enjoy themselves, getting fat the while. They had the run of 40 acres of pasture, with suitable houses for their protection when it stormed.

The ordinary method of keeping pigs is extremely cruel. No other animal could survive under such conditions, but they manage to do so, and hence it is taken for granted that they are reasonably satisfied and enjoy their wretched surroundings. The shed provided for a shelter in one corner of the pen is usually not rain-proof, and thus things are made additionally unpleasant for the unfortunate creatures. To add insult to injury, people look over the edge of the sty and exclaim with disgust that the hog is well named.

There is no reason why pigs should not have free range even in winter, with roomy sleeping-pens and clean bedding. If the sleeping-sheds were at one end of the pasture and the animals were fed at the other end, they would go to and fro of their own accord, getting useful exercise, and living in a cleanish fashion. Of pure water they ought to have plenty, instead of the more or less putrid stuff which they are usually expected to drink.

The finest hams in the world come from a district in Virginia, not far from Norfolk, and the hogs that furnish them run almost wild in the woods, living on nuts and roots in the summer. In the autumn they are shut up in pens for awhile, and are fed on corn, supplied with pure water, and provided with pine straw for bedding. They are kept clean and dry, and when the hour for sacrifice arrives, they yield hams which bring in the market 50 per cent. more than the every-day "swill-fed" hams put up by western packers.

### So Thoughtful of Her.

Young Husband (picking up bundle from table)—What have you here, love? Something for me?

Young Wife—Yes, dear. I went down town this morning, expressly to buy them for you. I hope you'll like them.

"Like them? Of course, I'll like them if you bought them, but what are they?"

"They're night caps, dear. I heard you tell Sparkles this morning that you'd go down to the club this evening with him and get a night cap, and I made up my mind right away that I'd save you that trouble by seeing that you had some in the house. Just open the parcel and try them on, won't you, love?"—Richmond Dispatch.

### Bounds of Character.

Character is bounded on the north by industry, on the east by integrity, on the south by morality and on the west by sobriety.—Chicago Daily News.

## AGRICULTURAL HINTS

### SHADY RESTING PLACE.

An Arrangement That Adds to the Comfort of the Farmer's Family During the Dog Days.

Where the trees about one's home are small, or where there are none, this arrangement will be found pleasant in summer. The floor and frame-work of this shady resting place are made of wood, while the covering is either white muslin or striped awning cloth, held at all dry goods stores. The only fault to be found with the latter being its liability to fade. The place can also be made to shelter a hammock, stretching this from one corner to an opposite corner. The roof frame should, of course, be braced in the same direction as that occupied by the hammock, running a two by three strip of lumber from the top of one corner post to the top of the other, and also placing a similar piece between the tops of the other two opposite corners. The cloth gables should be fitted to the frame and tacked in position, after which the roof, side and end flaps (all in one piece) can be stretched into position, and held in place either by tacking or by cords through eyelet holes and tied about the frame.—Country Gentleman.



WELCOME RESTING PLACE.

board floor is very desirable, since it permits the use of this when the grass ground would be moist. The muslin floor also affords a splendid chance for children to play in wet weather, or indeed in any weather, since their clothing will become soiled much less easily when playing on such a floor than upon grass ground or gravel. This place can also be made to shelter a hammock, stretching this from one corner to an opposite corner. The roof frame should, of course, be braced in the same direction as that occupied by the hammock, running a two by three strip of lumber from the top of one corner post to the top of the other, and also placing a similar piece between the tops of the other two opposite corners. The cloth gables should be fitted to the frame and tacked in position, after which the roof, side and end flaps (all in one piece) can be stretched into position, and held in place either by tacking or by cords through eyelet holes and tied about the frame.—Country Gentleman.

### FACTS FOR FARMERS.

A hupland, go-away way in farming is not going to bring a big profit this year.

Make the boy's interest in the farm so profitable that he will be anxious to make farming his life work. In this time of high-priced meat, those who are inclined to a milk diet will find much comfort in perusing the figures. A reading of them will increase the respect of the ordinary consumer for skimmilk.

The producer takes 35 cents' worth of each of cream and milk for comparison. With the cream added he produces five quarts of whole milk, or eight and one-half quarts of skimmilk, or two pounds of cream, worth at 17 1/2 cents per pound. In the whole milk he finds 300 pounds of protein, in the skimmilk 675 pounds and in the cream 300 pounds. At its market value the skimmilk contains more food value than either the whole milk or the cream milk. It will be noticed that the protein content of the whole milk and of the cream milk are practically the same. Remember that this comparison is made with round steak, one of the cheap classes of meat and one of the most nutritious.

When we get to comparing milk with potatoes, steak the argument is still stronger in favor of the milk. For potatoes steak is not more nutritious than round steak, but is much higher in price. Milk as a diet has, however, one drawback and that is its bulk. The weight of the adult is not so constituted that milk can be made a sole diet. It does not hold enough of it. The proper method of utilizing milk is to combine it with bulkier foods.

Some Expert Conclusions. Prof. T. L. Haecker, as the results of some feeding experiments, publishes the following conclusions: Cows giving ordinary yields of milk and butter fat do not require the amount of protein called for in the standard rations. The amount of milk a cow gives daily and its fat content measures the amount of protein the animal requires over and above what is needed for maintenance. There is a limit to the milk and butter fat producing capacity of a cow at any given time. Feeding more protein than she needs for this production and for her own support is of no advantage. The excess of protein, with the corresponding excess of the other nutrients will tend to cause her to lay on flesh and thereby shrink in milk flow.

Brome Grass Beats Timothy. Brome grass and timothy were grown at the North Dakota station to compare the yields of green grass and to study their relative values for hay, considering their yield and chemical composition. In five cuttings during the season brome grass yielded 5,377.5 pounds of green grass, or 1,628.3 pounds of dry matter per acre, and timothy 4,681.5 pounds of green forage, or 1,422.5 pounds of dry matter. The results were decidedly in favor of brome grass for permanent pasture. Brome hay contained about twice as much protein as timothy, and no more fiber than the average for timothy grown in different parts of the country. Owing to its larger root system, brome grass is considered a better humus producer and soil improver than timothy.

Hatien for Young Turkeys. Feed the young turkeys stale wheat and corn bread. A few hard-boiled eggs mixed in the bread with a little salt and pepper is good for the first week. Don't forget to give them plenty of grit in the way of sand mixed with their feed or broken shells, dishes or lime rock. The main thing to keep turkeys healthy and growing fast is to keep them clear of lice. Commence on the old hen before they are hatched. Dust the hen twice a week with ashes and a few drops of coal oil added, grease the hen and young turkeys as soon as they are hatched with fresh butter or lard with a drop or two of coal oil to every teaspoonful.

Hog Cholera Investigations. The work with swine diseases in Iowa has not been entirely satisfactory. During 1899 21,600 animals were treated. Of this number 79 1/2 per cent. survived, while in untreated herds during the years 1896 to 1899 only 36 per cent. of the hogs lived.

## THE HORSE BUSINESS.

It Has Changed Within the Past Decade and Working Along Old Lines Pays No Longer.

With the revival of horse breeding as a profitable industry the fact must be recognized that there has come a complete revolution in this business. The old methods will no longer prove profitable. We must raise for profit distinct types of horses for the demand, and these work toward the present, and not generally silver and metal horses. We must define in our minds the different types of horses in demand, and then work toward the production of the best specimens of one or more of these types. These types, briefly stated, are the road, carriage and coach horse, the cab horse, the draft horse, and the American trotter or road horse. One of these types should be selected in breeding horses for market, and the peculiar characteristics of each one studied and carefully understood. Breeding for a specific class is the only kind that pays to-day. The man who breeds on the old lines is doomed to failure. His horses will bring so much less in the market that there will be no margin left for profit. One reason why horses become a drug in the market ten years ago was because farmers and breeders produced a surplus of horses which had no peculiar characteristics. They were not specially good in any line. Then a demand slowly grew up for horses which would excel in one particular class, and this has steadily increased until to-day it has become universal. The revolution in breeding has thus made it necessary for the farmer and breeder to know his particular class of horses thoroughly. Present-day horse breeding does not pay, but special class or type breeding does. Every horse must be bred for a particular purpose, and if at the beginning the animal does not promise any good points for a particular purpose, the owner you can dispose of him the better. The small horse, and the horse of mixed strains, has passed forever, and his day will never return. Bred the large horse that is useful for particular lines on hauling, the road or coach horse which can travel with a fair load, or the trotter which can make speed. In one of these classes every horse must excel or he cannot bring the high market prices offered. Premiums are daily offered for the best animals of every class.—C. L. Fetter, in Prairie Farmer.

## FOOD VALUE OF MILK.

When Combined with Another Food Its Nutritive Properties Are Extended Those of Meats.

Prof. Fraser, of the Illinois Agricultural college, has been making some close computations as to the relative value of milk and beef as food. In this time of high-priced meat, those who are inclined to a milk diet will find much comfort in perusing the figures. A reading of them will increase the respect of the ordinary consumer for skimmilk. The producer takes 35 cents' worth of each of cream and milk for comparison. With the cream added he produces five quarts of whole milk, or eight and one-half quarts of skimmilk, or two pounds of cream, worth at 17 1/2 cents per pound. In the whole milk he finds 300 pounds of protein, in the skimmilk 675 pounds and in the cream 300 pounds. At its market value the skimmilk contains more food value than either the whole milk or the cream milk. It will be noticed that the protein content of the whole milk and of the cream milk are practically the same. Remember that this comparison is made with round steak, one of the cheap classes of meat and one of the most nutritious. When we get to comparing milk with potatoes, steak the argument is still stronger in favor of the milk. For potatoes steak is not more nutritious than round steak, but is much higher in price. Milk as a diet has, however, one drawback and that is its bulk. The weight of the adult is not so constituted that milk can be made a sole diet. It does not hold enough of it. The proper method of utilizing milk is to combine it with bulkier foods.

### STRONG WHIFFLETREE.

Designed for Use with Cultivator When at Work with Corn or other Field Crops.

A whiffletree designed for use with cultivator when at work with corn or other crops when they become at

high that an ordinary whiffletree would injure them is shown here with. It is made of three-quarter-inch steel. The cultivator chain is attached at a, and traces of harness at b. The curves c, c are made by bending the end of the whiffletree as shown, thus allowing the corn to slip by the trace over the best side without knocking the growing crops down. Willard Sheaf, in Farm and Home.

Good Care of Hogs Pays. Two men are afraid of a little work and trouble, says a Iowa farmer in Farm and Home. I want the pigs to work a week. Hogs are supplied with plenty of water and are kept in good health. A balanced diet is used for a disinfectant. With proper care there is very little danger of disease. There are preventives, but no cure for cholera when it once gets started. Failure plans a patch of potatoes for feeding hogs in the fall to get them to market quick. I starve a batch of hogs on potatoes. Then I feed 30 days with chop and cooked potatoes with a little white grain, and the hogs make a gain of 15 pounds per day, or 150 pounds per hog. Care should be taken in starting hogs on potatoes. They should be fed sparingly at first, increasing a little every time they are fed, not feeding more than they will clean up. The best market for hogs is at 250 to 275 pounds weight.

There are poor farmers because their farming is poor.